

To wish him wrastle with affection,
And neuer to let *Beatrice* know of it.

Vrsula. Why did you so, doth not the Gentleman
Deserue as full as fortunate a bed,
As euer *Beatrice* shall couch vpon?

Hero. O God of loue! I know he doth deserue,
As much as may be yeilded to a man:
But Nature neuer fram'd a womans heart,
Of powder stufte then that of *Beatrice*:
Disdaine and Scorne ride sparkling in her eyes,
Mis-prizing what they looke on, and her wit
Values it false so highly, that to her
All matter else seemes weake: she cannot loue,
Nor take no shape nor proiect of affection,
Shee is so selfe indeared.

Vrsula. Sure I thinke so,
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his loue, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why you speake truth, I neuer yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, yong, how rarely teatur'd.
But she would spell him backward: if faire fac'd,
She would sweare, the gentleman should be her sister:
If blacke, why Nature drawing of an anticke,
Made a foule blotif tall, a launceill headed:
If low, an agot very vildie cur:
If speaking, why a vane blowne with all windes:
If silent, why a blocke moued with none.
So turnes she euery man the wrong side out,
And neuer giues to Truth and Vertue, that
Which simplenesse and merit purchaseth.

Vrsula. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No, not to be so odde, and from all fashions,
As *Beatrice* is, cannot be commendable,
But who dare tell her so? if I should speake,
She would mocke me into ayre, O she would laugh me
Out of my selfe, presse me to death with wit,
Therefore let *Benedicke* like couered fire,
Consume away in sighes, waste inwardly:
It were a better death, to die with mockes,
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Vrsula. Yet tell her of it, heare what shee will say.

Hero. No, rather I will goe to *Benedicke*,
And counsaile him to fight against his passion,
And truly Ile deuise some honest flanders,
To staine my cosin with, one doth not know,
How much an ill word may impposon liking.

Vrsula. O doe not doe your cosin such a wrong,
She cannot be so much without true iudgement,
Hauing so swift and excellent a wit
As she is proude to haue, as to refuse
So rare a Gentleman as signior *Benedicke*.

Hero. He is the onely man of Italy,
Alwaies excepted, my deare *Claudio*.

Vrsula. I pray you be not angry with me, Madame,
Speaking my fancy: Signior *Benedicke*,
For shape, for bearing argument and valour,
Goes formost in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed he hath an excellent good name.
Vrsula. His excellence did earme it ere he had it:
When are you married Madame?

Hero. Why euerie day to morrow, come goe in,
Ile shew thee some attires, and haue thy counsell,
Which is the best to furnish me to morrow.

Vrsula. Shee's tane I warrant you,
We haue caught her Madame?

Hero. If it proue so, then louing goes by haps,

Some *Cupid* kills with arrowes, some with traps. *Exit*.

Beat. What fire is in mine eares? can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorne so much?
Contempt, farewell, and maiden pride, adieu,
No glory liues behinde the backe of such.
And *Benedicke*, loue on, I will requite thee,
Taming my wilde heart to thy louing hand:
If thou dost loue, my kindenesse shall incite thee
To binde our loues vp in a holy band.
For others say thou dost deserue, and I
Beleeue it better then reportingly. *Exit*.

Enter Prince, Claudio, Benedicke, and Leonato.
Prince. I doe but stay till your marriage be consum-
mate, and then go I toward Arragon.

Claudio. Ile bring you thither my Lord, if you'l vouch-
safe me.

Prince. Nay, that would be as great a foyle in the new
glosse of your marriage, as to shew a childe his new coat
and forbid him to wear it. I will onely bee bold with
Benedicke for his companie, for from the crowne of his
head, to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth, he hath twice
or thrice cut *Capids* bow-string, and the little hang-man
dare not shoot at him, he hath a heart as found as a bell,
and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinks,
his tongue speakes.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I haue bin.

Leo. So say I, methinkes you are sadder.

Claudio. I hope he be in loue.

Prince. Hang him truant, there's no true drop of blood
in him to be truly toucht with loue, if he be sad, he wants
money.

Bene. I haue the tooth-ach.

Prince. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it.

Claudio. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

Prince. What? sigh for the tooth-ach.

Leo. Where is but a humour or a worne.

Bene. Well, euery one cannot master a griefe, but hee
that has it.

Claudio. Yet say I, he is in loue.

Prince. There is no appearance of fancie in him, vnlesse
it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises, as to bee a
Dutchman to day, a Frenchman to morrow: vnlesse hee
haue a fancy to this foolery, as it appeares hee hath, hee
is no foole for fancy, as you would haue it to appeare
he is.

Claudio. If he be not in loue vvith some vvoman, there
is no beleeuing old signes, a brushes his hat a mornings,
What should that bode?

Prince. Hath any man seene him at the Barbers?

Claudio. No, but the Barbers man hath bene seene with
him, and the olde ornament of his cheekes hath alreadie
stufte tennis balls.

Leo. Indeed he lookes yonger than hee did, by the
losse of a beard.

Prince. Nay, a rubs himselfe vvith Ciuit, can you smell
him out by that?

Claudio. That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in
loue.

Prince. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claudio. And vvhen vvvas he vvont to vvash his face?

Prince. Yea, or to paint himselfe? for the which I heare
vvhat they say of him.

Claudio. Nay, but his iesting spirit, vvwhich is now crept
into a lute-string, and now govern'd by stops.

Prince.

Prince. Indeed that tels a heauy tale for him: conclude,
he is in loue.

Claudio. Nay, but I know who loues him.

Prince. That would I know too, I warrant one that
knowes him not.

Claudio. Yes, and his ill conditions, and in despite of all,
dies for him.

Prince. Shee shall be buried with her face vpwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charme for the tooth-ache, old sig-
nior, walke aside with mee, I haue studied eight or nine
wise words to speake to you, which these hobby-horses
must not heare.

Prince. For my life to breake with him about *Beatrice*.

Claudio. 'Tis euen so, *Hero* and *Margaret* haue by this
played their parts with *Beatrice*, and then the two Beares
will not bite one another when they meete.

Enter Iohn the Bastard.

Bast. My Lord and brother, God saue you.

Prince. Good den brother.

Bast. If your leisure seru'd, I would speake with you.

Prince. In priuate?

Bast. If it please you, yet Count *Claudio* may heare,
for what I would speake of, concerns him.

Prince. What's the matter?

Bast. Meanes your Lordship to be married to mor-
row?

Prince. You know he does.

Bast. I know not that when he knowes what I know.

Claudio. If there be any impediment, I pray you disco-
uer it.

Bast. You may thinke I loue you not, let that appeare
hereafter, and ayme better at me by that I now will ma-
nifest, for my brother (I thinke, he holds you well, and in
dearenesse of heart) hath holpe to effect your ensuing
marriage: surely sure ill spent, and labour ill bestowed.

Prince. Why, what's the matter?

Bastard. I came hither to tell you, and circumstances
shortned, (for she hath bene too long a talking of) the
Lady is disloyall.

Claudio. Who *Hero*?

Bast. Euen shee, *Leonatos Hero*, your *Hero*, euery
mans *Hero*.

Claudio. Disloyall?

Bast. The word is too good to paint out her wicked-
nesse, I could say she were worse, thinke you of a worse
title, and I will fit her to it: wonder not till further war-
rant: goe but with mee to night, you shal see her cham-
ber window entred, euen the night before her wedding
day, if you loue her, then to morrow wed her: But it
would better fit your honour to change your minde.

Claudio. May this be so?

Prince. I will not thinke it.

Bast. If you dare not trust that you see, confesse not
that you know: if you will fellow mee, I will shew you
enough, and when you haue seene more, & heard more,
proceed accordingly.

Claudio. If I see any thing to night, why I should not
marry her to morrow in the congregation, where I shold
wedde, there will I shame her.

Prince. And as I wooed for thee to obtaine her, I will
ioyne with thee to disgrace her.

Bast. I will disparage her no farther, till you are my
witnesses, beare it coldly but till night, and let the issue
shew it selfe.

Prince. O day vnto wardly turned!

Claudio. Omischiefes
Bastard. O plague
say, when you haue seene

Enter Dogberry and

Dog. Are you good

Verg. Yea, or else it

saluation body and four

Dogb. Nay, that v

them, if they should haue

chosen for the Princes

Verges. Well, giue

Dogberry.

Dog. First, who thinke

to be Constable?

Watch. 1. *Hugh Ore-*

they can write and read

Dogb. Come hither n

blest you with a good n

is the gift of Fortune, b

Nature.

Watch 2. Both which

Dogb. You haue: I k

well, for your fauour fir

no boast of it, and for y

appeare when there is n

thought heere to be the

Constable of the watch

thorne: this is your cha

vagrom men, you are to

ces name.

Watch 2. How if a w

Dogb. Why then tak

and presently call the re

thanke God you are rid

Verges. If he will not

none of the Princes sub

Dogb. True, and th

the Princes subjects: yo

streetes: for, for the Wa

tollerable, and not to be

Watch. We will rath

what belongs to a Wat

Dog. Why you spea

watchman, for I cannot

only haue a care that yo

are to call at all the Al

drunke get them to bed.

Watch. How if they

Dogb. Why then let

they make you not then

they are not the men yo

Watch. Well fir.

Dogb. If you meet a

vertue of your office, r

kinde of men, the lesse

why the more is for your

Watch. If wee know

lay hands on him.

Dogb. Truly by your

that touch pitch will be

for you, if you doe take

selfe what he is, and steal

Verg. You haue bin alw

Dog. Truly I would n

more a man who hath an